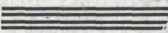


DISCORDER

September 1984 Vol. 2 No. 8  A guide to CTR fm 102

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SEPTEMBER

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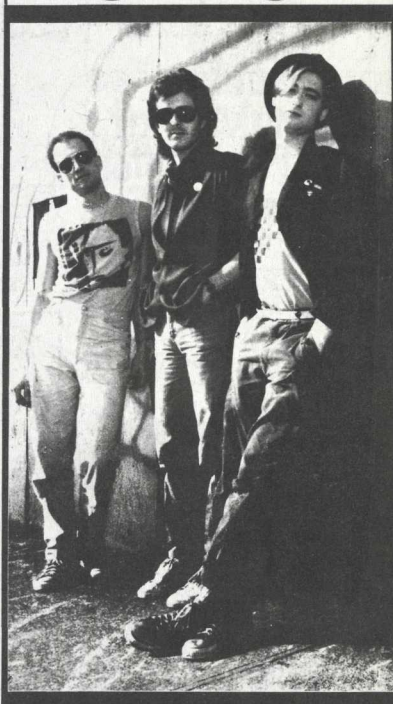
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BAD ENGLISH

THE

BODY SHOP

BODY SHOP

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giles

DISCORDER is a monthly paper published by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. **DISCORDER** provides a guide to **CITR Radio**, which broadcasts throughout the Vancouver area at FM 101.9.

CITR transmits its 49-watt signal from Gage Towers on the UBC Campus. For best reception be sure and have an antenna attached to your receiver. For those of you with persistent reception problems, **CITR** is also available on FM cable at 100.1 in Vancouver, West Vancouver, North Vancouver, Burnaby, Richmond, Coquitlam, Port Coquitlam, Marple Ridge and Mission.

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DISCORDER Vol. 2 No. 8

Table of Contents

Mission...Infiltrate	4
Photos	6
Letters to the Airhead	7
Black Uhuru	8
Sly and Robbie	10
Bunker Beat	12
Repo Man	13
Demo Derby	14
Program Guide	15-18
Record Reviews	20-24
Dave Holland	26
The Roving Ear	29

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Your mission, should you

CODE NAME: ETHER MISSION
 LOCATION: UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
 DATE: September 2, 1984

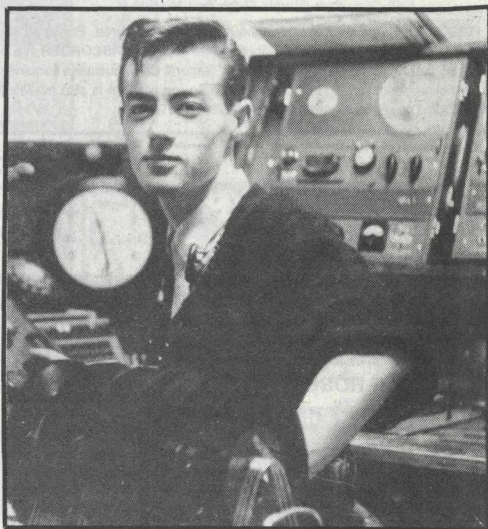
RTIC 102 MF 100 ELBAC KKbobt

CHIEF:

Have successfully infiltrated the Student Radio Society of British Columbia, aka CTR FM. So far have raised few suspicions as to my background and previous whereabouts. When asked I muttered a few things about previous political activity with a punk band back east and that seemed to keep people quiet for a short while.

I should clarify the intent behind Ether Mission. As I understand, I've been sent in here to seek out and memorize the secret to alternative radio success, so we can take the best ideas and ways of doing things and apply them to the dull, mundane world of commercial radio broadcasting. We want to learn new and exciting things—I know, just like a Star Trek episode, right? To seek & explore new worlds, to boldly go where no commercial radio has gone before...

CTR isn't just some university student haircut radio station, you know, Chief. The station has been around, in various mutations, since 1937. In that year, CTR was spinning the 'coolest tunes' in the cafeteria (I learned that kind of talk here, Chief) during lunches and after classes. From there, various local stations carried programming produced by members of the Student Radio Club. Music and variety programmes were carried on CJOR, CKWX, and the CBC, among others. And the Big Guy's favourite television host, Pierre Berton, used to work here.



NEVER BEFORE RELEASED PHOTOS OF CTR AUDIOPHILES PRODUCING EXCRETIVE RADIO SOUNDS FOR VANCOUVERITES' LISTENING PLEASURE.

In 1975 the station began to be carried on cable. What had been a well guarded UBC secret was unleashed on the world—Radio for Normal People! It spread by word of mouth. On April Fool's Day, 1982, after a lot of hard work and heavy prayer, CTR FM became an audio reality. Not to be outdone by merely broadcasting on FM, CTR threw the switch on July 20 of this year, and lit up that little stereo signal light on your home tuner. CTR now broadcasts in glorious stereo—the first stereo song being that of Kate Bush (thought you'd like that, Chief).

So now I'm in the middle of what is regarded as the best and most exciting university radio station in Canada. I was supposed to just hang out, get a few ideas for us to use, and then split. But this place is infectious.

Was very very easy to get on the inside. I just wandered in to their offices on the second floor of the Student Union Building one afternoon. I spoke with a woman named Kandace, who is the station manager, and who is also the only paid staff person in the whole place. The entire station—DJs, reporters, news and sports readers and writers, public affairs staff and others—are ALL volunteer! Over 250 of them! And for all volunteers to be producing 147 hours of high quality programming weekly is a real accomplishment. I think we in commercial radio can learn a few things form this place.

When I spoke with Kandace she gave me the station tour, showed me around the studios and offices and introduced me to a number of the DJs and other programmers. I figured the best way to get good information was to get on the air, so I told her I wanted to be a DJ. She gave me a full training session in the use of the equipment, and then got me to make a demo tape. From there the programme director, Fiona, listened to the tape. She told me that my music was a bit poppy and my delivery was too commercial, but that I should try again. Me? 20 years in radio and I had to do my demo tape all over again?

SAVOY

September Hilites

Sept. 3	Animal Slaves & Jazzmanian Devils
Sept. 4-5	L.A.'s Los Lobos
Sept. 11	Work Party
Sept. 14-15	Visible Targets
Sept. 18-20	Corsage

The Savoy Nightclub

6 Powell Street, Gastown 687-0418

choose to accept it...

...infiltrate CITR



I did it, this time passing the grade. The next step to getting on air was to sit in with a DJ during a shift. I sat in one afternoon with this guy everybody called "The Beave." Good DJ. He showed me how the on-air board ran, and then left me to do an hour or so of his show.

Sweat time, boss. I mis-cued, stumbled through my announcements and called songs by their wrong name. I fumbled, blew intros to songs, and even dropped the needle across a record (by somebody named Wendy O Williams? I liked the cover so I played it).

But I did okay enough to get a Saturday morning slot (bad news: it starts at 7:00 a.m.). So this week I go to it alone—any suggestions as to what I should play?

I think we have a lot to learn from this place, Chief. They do some pretty inventive things with music and production departments. New music, that you just don't hear anywhere else (mind you the James Last section is sorely lacking). The place isn't perfect but for a lot of people it's a damn sight better than the rest of the audio pickings on this planet. It sure isn't boring radio—by any stretch of the imagination.

I like CITR a lot Chief, but I'm also a little lonely for my old job. I'm not crazy about the Van Halen T-shirts I have to keep wearing, although I think they're a little out of place for here. Maybe an Iggy T-shirt instead? The tight black pants make me look fat and these pointed black shoes are driving my feet crazy. The strawberry gunk I have to put in my hair is almost gone, and I'd appreciate some more. At least it keeps the toupee anchored. Please can I come back soon? I miss writing dog food commercials.

FLATFEET

TO: ETHER MISSION
AT: UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
DATE: September 4, 1984

FLATFEET:

Good work. Already I can see results from your work. Following your communique my son and I checked out a copy of DISCORDER, the monthly programme guide. I joined the station at a nominal cost of \$25.00 for non-UBC students, and my student son joined for a mere \$20.00. Good deal. He might come down and get involved in programming. You can't miss him. He wears nothing but his Residents T-shirt.

Keep up the good work. Stay where you are. Enclosed is a three-month supply of that funny strawberry junk. What do you do with that stuff? It smells weird. I hope there's good air conditioning in the place.

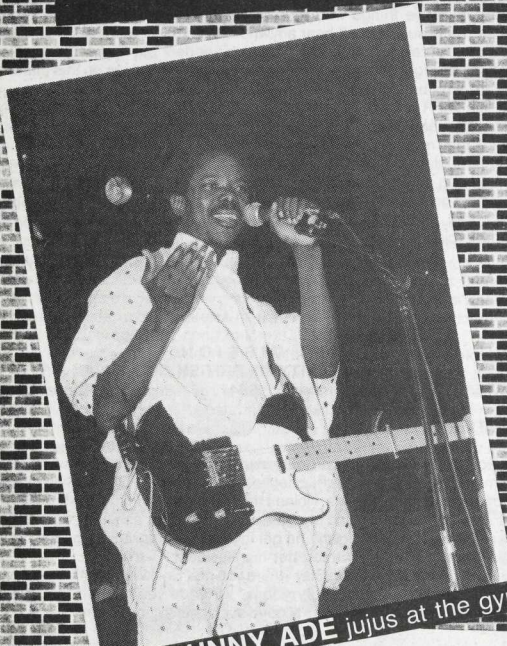
CHIEF

P.S. Your show was good last Monday. I heard you with the Beave. But you should play more James Last. And Abba.



"REPTILE" 170 POWELL ST.
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"BOSCO" LIVES!

PHOTOPLAY



KING SUNNY ADE jujus at the gym



IMITATION OF DAVE: Richard Butler of the Psychedelic Furs.



Michael Rose of **BLACK UHURU** asks the musical question; Listen. Do ja want to know a secret?



c/o CITR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Dear Airhead:

What the hell is it with some of the DJs up there? Over the last month I've noticed a rather foolish trend on the part of your more imaginative jocks with respect to the place some bands call home, in particular, bands from Washington, D.C.

It seems that if some DJs aren't sure where a band comes from, they simply rely on their overactive grey matter for an answer. This results in a number of amusing blunders, especially when referring to bands from D.C. Examples: The Velvet Monkeys ("They're a band from, uh, somewhere back east, maybe Boston"); The Urban Verbs ("New York or L.A., I'm not sure which"); Insect Surfers ("A band out of California"); Black Market Baby ("From L.A."); Slickee Boys

("From... uh... hmmm... Minnesota"). I know the Slickee Boys. Trust me, none of them has ever been to Minnesota.

I understand the need to deny that anything good comes from Washington, D.C. Ron and Nancy live there. The Pentagon is just across the Potomac. It's hot and humid during the summer and most people who work there can't tie their shoes without a grant from the Mobil Oil Corporation. I understand. Unfortunately, D.C.'s new music and hardcore scene is a casualty. What can be done to halt the flow of these humorous but sometimes annoying rumours? After all, I'm sure CITR doesn't want its unsuspecting and unimaginative listeners to get the impression that the only creative centres in Amerika are located in New York, L.A., or Athens, GA.

Sincerely,
Jim Pfau

Sorry, I guess we'll just have to try harder.

Dear DISCORDER,

I have developed an affliction whenever I see or hear the abbreviation UBC. I get nauseous.

The association being that of, the lack of air to breathe at the King Sunny Ade and Black Uhuru concert. Not to mention lining up on wet grass, not being allowed to see the beginning of the concert, only pop and chips (er...sorry, no chips) as refreshments and it being terribly crowded.

But, people said, King Sunny Ade was great. Was He? I left during intermission for some relief from the heat and smoke, only to be not permitted back into the place.

I suggest people don't support any further concerts out at UBC; who the hell wants to go out there anyway.

It is enough that we support students with unlimited tax dollars. If they are to use these monies in capitalistic ventures then they should get it right. Somebody or bodies made a nice little penny—3,800 people at sixteen bucks a pop. I demand as a taxpayer and ticket buyer that a balance sheet of the concert be printed in the DISCORDER.

Come on students, demand it as well, it's your money—get involved, CLEAN HOUSE.

Thank you
Nicholas Stocks

Dear Airhead

Many thanks to the resourceful staff at DISCORDER for creating the Demo Derby column. It fills a gap in the Vancouver music press (press void) by picking up where Alex Varty's column Demo Listen in the Georgia Straight left off. However, the column's title is a misnomer. The tapes submitted to you are not all exactly demos. Bands like The Edsels, Trevor Jones and Family Plot would probably prefer to have their work referred to and reviewed as a cassette release. By calling them demos we feel you give the impression that they are something less than serious attempts at putting out a final product.

Upon reading your review of Wendy Williams' new album we got the impression you hated it by the first sentence, and yet you managed to use half a page to repeat what you first said and slag anything like it. Turning the page we noticed you used exactly the same amount of space to review nine cassettes!!

Local cult fave raves Emily and Kraftdinner received two very positive sentences each. People releasing cassettes are usually doing so on a tight budget. By giving them a backseat review you aren't helping them much. If something is being reviewed then it deserves to be, but I fail to see the point in wasting space to hammer

home your opinion. If you won't change your review policy, at least change the name of the column to Cassette Corner.

Yours truly (really)
Mark Chalecki
Sid Spencer

Dear Airhead:

Last Thursday night (August 2), at about 10 past 9, I heard a taped announcement referring to the operator on CITR as being "Overweight, underproductive, egocentric, nicotine-addicted, and beer-guzzling."

I have a lot of questions about "Radio Free Point Grey," all of which arise from this incident.

1) Exactly (or approximately) how many DJs on CITR answer to this description? What is their answer?

2) What is the inner cosmic significance of this description? Was it uttered by the Lord on Thursday night, or by the operator himself/herself? (I really couldn't tell the difference.)

3) Is this description subject to change, given the recent decreasing in tensions in and around the Persian Gulf? A simple Yes or No answer won't do.

Please answer all of my questions as soon as possible. Otherwise, I shall be forced to pawn my harpsichord.

Sincerely,
Spencer Sponge

P.S.: What is an "in joke"??

This is all an "in" joke, Spence, so let's get together for coffee, OK?

Bits of Black Tape takes a bite out of Black Uhuru

I'm confused. What's a girl to do? Here I am, in the middle of three thousand white reggae fans who are wishing that, just for one night they could be black, dancing and pounding their way to the pulse of **Black Uhuru** who, at this moment are singing some offensive song about abortion ("Woman was put on this earth to multiply, not to divide"). The music's great, the words make me puke. What's a girl to do?

I'm on contract to Airhead, so here goes. I have real problems with any cultural form that places its whole reason for being in some religious or political framework. That carries the whole baggage of dictating how to live and how to act according to the prevailing doctrine. Reggae does it with rastafarianism. Punk does it, as does Van Halen and heavy metal and jazz—you can't escape it. Some forms, like punk, at least have the sense to offer some form of an alternative. At least punk tries to break down the facade of a supreme individual, and attempts to get people thinking and acting under their own direction, and not according to some pre-determined notions.

Reggae, on the other hand, has the double burden of being great music and, particularly if you're a woman, abhorrent religious and political notions. Rasta has come to replace the term reggae, and the music's image of a dope smoking dread used to sell both the music and the ideology. Reggae has become big money for the musicians (rightly so) and a political ideal for thousands of white kids who like to smoke dope and need the comfort of a slightly alternative ideological framework in which to do it. The refined, North American version of reggae gives them the perfect opportunity to do so, and at the same time pump lots of money into the music industry. A promoter couldn't ask for anything more.

Dub poet **Linton Kwesi Johnson** describes the links between reggae and rasta like this:

"The media and big record companies have tried to promote reggae around the image of Rasta. So often on an album cover you see a dread smoking a big spliff and that has done a lot of harm, because reggae is much wider than that. Rasta is a very important source of spirituality and creativity within reggae, but real Rasta music is drum music that is used for chanting and meditation. The music of **Count Ossie** is Rasta music—the music of **Bob Marley** is Jamaican pop music."

Which is fine and good. It is a very powerful pop music, often with lyrics urging people to fight oppression, racism, imperialism. Reggae also expresses the anger of the poor, music for and from oppressed people, which can be a powerful motivating force. Yes, I am moved when Marley sings *Lively Up Yourself*. Yes, I am moved to action when I hear Linton Kwesi Johnson. Yes, I am moved when I listen to music from Zimbababwe, Soweto, Nigeria.

I am not moved to action by the hip swivelling Tom Jones-ish antics of Black Uhuru lead singer **Michael Rose**. Nor am I moved to action by the fact that while singer **Puma** is very prominent on stage, her voice is lost in the mix. I could only distinguish her voice a few times during the set. I am almost moved to laughter at the Eddie Van Halenish antics of **Robbie Shakespeare** and **Sly Dunbar**. Yes they are superb musicians. But their Rock God posturing during their solos was in keeping with the adulative respect the mainly white crowd offered them. The public gets what the public wants.

I sensed a real distance between the band and the audience. While everybody could sing along with the words and chant loudly when Michael Rose urged them to do so, it never felt like the band and the crowd were together on anything, except Simon Says (or in this case, Michael Says). Michael says, Stand Up. Obediently, the crowd stands up. Michael says Sing This Line. The bell rings and the crowd opens its collective mouth. Michael says enjoy this evening because you paid us enough money to be here and it's good for you to support us. The crowd loved it. I kept wondering throughout the entire evening: would these people be here if it wasn't for that great attachment to dope that reggae offers? Would these people like this music so much if they really understood the anger and oppression that a lot of the music grew out of? Would they really like to be black for more than one night? Try to get a job? Walk down the street as a black, and not white, with all that being black entails?

I'm still here in the middle of three thousand swaying white rasta/reggae freaks, and I'm wondering: am I a cultural snob, imposing my white North American lack of sensibilities on a music that I have no history with, but I know that musically I enjoy? Who am I to judge? My relatives were not torn from their homes and forced into slavery for my relatives. I'm not hassled on the streets for not being the socially acceptable colour. So who am I to say that the music is any good?

That's not what I'm arguing at all. Rather, what I'm saying is that I find reggae very exciting musically. For me, lyrics about women being good for little else than bearing children, or putting one's faith in a god of any sort are hardly progressive, no matter who sings them. I understand and support the right of all people to reclaim and assert their cultural and political independence. I can't support it if it goes no further than what already exists. Change for the sake of change is useless.

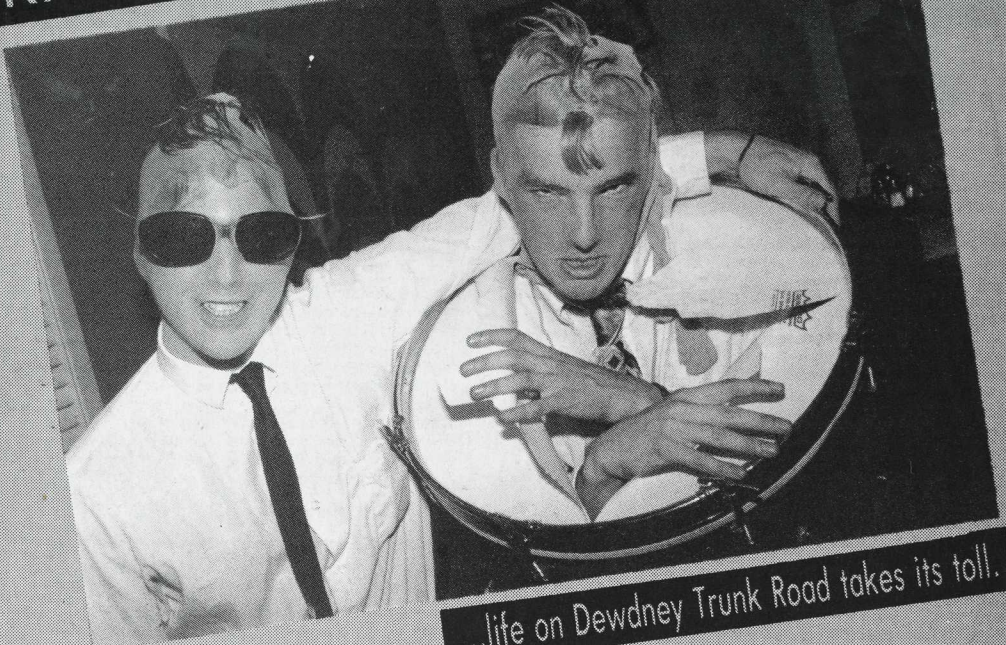
So, I have to say that the music I heard from Black Uhuru was superb reggae, probably some of the best I have heard to date. But given a choice, I prefer the reggae—music and words—of **Linton Kwesi Johnson** or **Steel Pulse**, two reggae artists who call for change through people's action, change of a system that reinforces oppression and gender stultification. Using music as a political motivator is powerful and exciting. Using music to enforce cultural oppression doesn't get anywhere except straight to the promoter's pockets.

—Bits of Black Tape



PUMA JONES: What can a poor girl do? 'Cept to sing in a reggae band.

KRAFT DINNER...



...life on Dewdney Trunk Road takes its toll.

Knock, knock.

Go away, it's three o'clock in the morning!

This is your closet of anxieties speaking...Open up!

WHO? GO AWAY...IT'S ONLY THREE A.M.!!

Come on, open up. You know who I am. Those little insecurities in the back of your mind that pop up and wake you in the middle of the night. Like, "Did I really turn all the lights off?" or "Did I really erase that priceless T Rex tape?"

GO AWAY!

Sorry—I'm here to ruin your snooze. So what's your greatest fear? Terminal acne? Nuclear war? Running out of jol-gei?

No.

I know—getting the date of a Fleshtones concert wrong, and showing up the day after the best show the city has ever seen!

No.

Then what? Aah—being so uncool as not to know what the latest

music is—the latest bands.

That's the least of my worries.

I'm a CITR listener—and member.

A member! You're not even a UBC student.

You don't have to be. Anybody can join. \$20.00 for UBC students, \$25.00 for everybody else.

So now you know all the latest sounds?

Sure—plus I was trained in radio production and on-air techniques. Next week I go on the air as a DJ!

Oh—

So, no insecurities there. Sorry to disappoint you.

Well, shit. I was so looking forward to an evening of fun. (pause) Could I join CITR?

Well—

Honest, I just look like Ronald Reagan to scare people. I really am into the Buzzcocks.

Do the Republicans know that?

Not yet, but Nancy can't stand them.

CITR

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME: _____

AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

POSTAL CODE: _____

PHONE: _____

ARE YOU A UBC STUDENT? Y N

UBC STUDENT NO. _____

INTERESTED IN PROGRAMMING?

Sly and Robbie play it cool

Dunbar and Shakespeare pay a visit to the CITR

studios shortly after their performance with Black

Uhuru August 22 at the War Memorial Gym. Here,

Robbie contemplates spliff smoking spider while Sly (left) catches a few winks.



Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare don't play favourites. "We will work with anyone, whether they are famous or not," says Shakespeare. "We will take up any challenge." For Dunbar and Shakespeare, the essence of the challenge is the creation of the rhythm. Over the past several years they have met that challenge in rather prolific fashion, working with everyone from **Bob Dylan** to the **Rolling Stones** to **Grace Jones** and **Ian Dury**. They have been so successful, in fact, that many artists seek their help as much for prestige value as production talent. After all, everyone has heard of Sly and Robbie. Right?

Not necessarily true. While you've probably heard at least one song that grooves to a Sly and Robbie rhythm, you probably had no idea that it was Shakespeare's bass undulating to a Dunbar drum beat: unless, of course, you're one of those terminal cases who makes a life's work out of memorizing album liner notes. Even if you are, it might be that Shakespeare and Dunbar are just a couple of names that show up on the back of a lot of records. So who are these guys and how did they become such a big deal anyway?

Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar met in Kingston, Jamaica over a decade ago. Dunbar recalls that at the time he was playing in a band called **Skin, Flesh and Bones**. "Robbie was playing in another band that played all the time in a club across the street from the club where we always played. When I got a break I would go over to the other club and jam and on his breaks Robbie would come over to our place." Eventually, the two got together on a more permanent basis and have formed an inseparable rhythm section ever since. They first came to prominence amongst North American reggae fans in 1976 when they began working with ex-Wailer **Peter Tosh**. That association continued for four years until, in 1980, Sly and Robbie parted ways with Tosh in order to pursue projects in which they called their own shots. Asked if he and Shakespeare might work with Tosh again at some point, Dunbar laughs. "No, I don't think so."

Dunbar would never go as far as to utter a disparaging word about Tosh though. Both he and Shakespeare are reluctant to state a preference for working with one artist over another or even to profess a liking for reggae music over other styles. "We love them all. Playing different styles of music is like the changing of moods." These days, when they're in the mood for reggae, they form the backbone of **Black Uhuru**, not only

playing drums and bass, but producing all the Uhuru albums to date. Recently, some disturbing rumours had Sly and Robbie leaving **Black Uhuru**. "It's a complicated story," says Dunbar. "Black Uhuru recently hired a new manager, and Robbie and I aren't sure if we want to work with him. We haven't really made up our minds what we want to do about the situation. Right now, we are on tour with **Black Uhuru**, so that is all we are thinking about."

Sly is quick to point out that, with or without **Black Uhuru**, he and Robbie are never at a loss for things to do. "We run a production company in Kingston and we get most of the session work in Jamaica. If none comes to us, we can make lots of work for ourselves. If we are not in the mood for reggae we go to North America and work with someone else."

Some reggae purists have criticized recent Shakespeare-Dunbar production work, particularly the newer **Black Uhuru** material, for straying too far from the roots of reggae music. "We don't think of our work in terms of roots. The roots will always be there. We are trying to cultivate more of a crossover sound. Reggae, generally, does not get much radio airplay and that is something we would like to change. We aren't selling out, we are trying to export the Jamaican sound and I think the Jamaican people are proud of our success in North America."

The relationship between reggae music and the Rastafarian religion tends to confuse many North Americans. Many people believe that reggae music is an expression of rastafari which, of course, is often the case. Shakespeare and Dunbar, however, hold no such assumption.

"Music and rasta each have their own place," asserts Shakespeare, "because they are two different things." On the whole they seem reluctant about the subject.

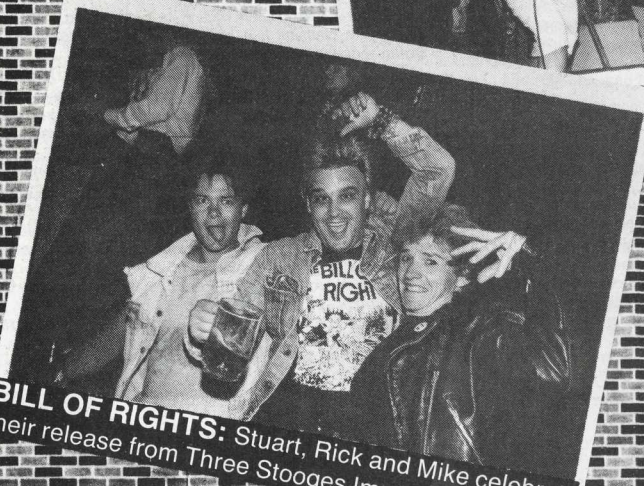
What the future holds for Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare is uncertain. As producers, they've been called the successors to **Nile Rodgers** and **Bernard Edwards**. When asked who they would like to work with in the future they pause, and Dunbar shrugs. "Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson; maybe Paul McCartney or Quincy Jones." Says Robbie, "Who we work with is not as important as continuing to create new phrases within the rhythm." Maybe, then, an experimental foray into the mega-mainstream is a logical step for Sly and Robbie. It could very well present their biggest challenge.

—Mikey Clupper

BOLERO LAVA



...tear up the Luv-A-Fair
at their record release party
(Also See Demo Derby)



BILL OF RIGHTS: Stuart, Rick and Mike celebrate
their release from Three Stooges Immersion Therapy.

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BUNKER BEAT

"Top 10 post-nuclear records to maintain your sanity in a bunker"

Imagine that through some incredibly unfortunate set of circumstances, when the bomb drops, you end up stuck in a fallout bunker with a bunch of clean-cut youth. You know, they go to UBC on student loans, live at home with their parents and vote Socred, wear name pants from Eaton's and like to see films like *Terms of Endearment*. Anyhow, through some miracle, you happened to have your ten fave albums under your arm as you leapt to safety into your shelter. What 10 records would you like most to have with you to combat the anticipated 15 boring years of enforced confinement and radioactive inbreeding?

CITR FM invites you to send in your list of 10 Bunker Beat discs, with the most imaginative/intelligent responses being published in next month's issue of Discorder. Send all submissions to:

Bunker Beat
c/o DISCORDER/CITR FM
6138 SUB Boulevard
UBC
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

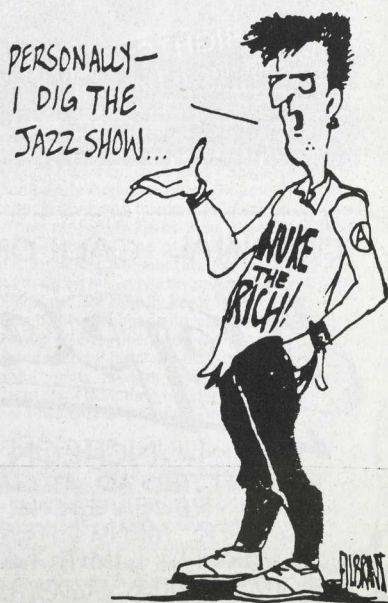
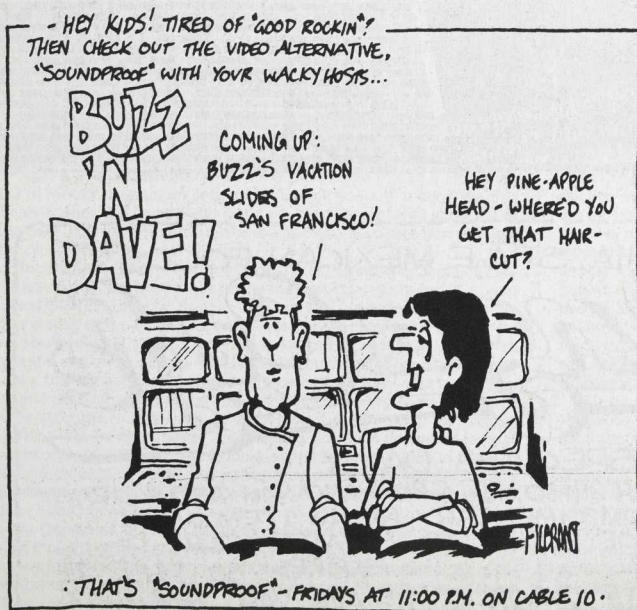
To start off the Bunker Beat feature, we asked our own president, Gordon Badanic, to choose his top ten discs of all time for post-nuclear underground enjoyment.

1. **Vancouver Complication.** The first and finest compilation LP of the local music scene. Terrific music by DOA, Pointed Sticks, Subhumans, Dishrags, etc., etc. This record can change your life.
2. **Singles Going Steady—The Buzzcocks.** This choice is cheating a little, because the disc is a collection of Buzzcocks singles. My favourite songs by my favourite band, with more hooks and riffs on this record than can be found in the entire free world.
3. **Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables—Dead Kennedys.** The long play debut of San Francisco's best (but only marginally ahead of the *Avengers*). The way Jello attacks the subjects of the songs, it is definitely not shoot the fish in the barrel. Not a weak cut. If you can't skateboard to this, you can't skateboard.

4. **All Mod Cons—The Jam.** By far the best album the Jam ever released. Although the songs aren't entirely relevant to life in North America, the band's energy, style and commitment can be appropriate. Great slashing guitar, pounding drums and melodies. For new listeners a great introduction to a band that used to mean something.
5. **Can't Stand the Rezillos—The Rezillos.** This is the document of one of the craziest bands to ever emerge from the depths of the Scottish moors. Remarkably accomplished playing, unintelligibly fast singing and guitar that makes you want to give up learning yourself. How can you go wrong with songs like *Flying Saucer Attack* and *My Baby Does Good Scriptures*?
6. **Meet the Residents—The Residents.** When this record came out, it incensed the *Beatles* record company and fans (the band loved it). It has an immediately identifiable sound that is unlike anything else on earth. (It's just plain weird.) The Residents all dressed up (with carrot in hand), but at this point, nowhere to go: just wonderful doodling.
7. **Inflammable Material—Stiff Little Fingers.** SLF at their white-hot. After their first two singles blew away the UK in 1978, this LP served as a strong follow-up that solidified the band's reputation as one of the best new punk bands (from Belfast) in the tradition of the *Sex Pistols* and *The Clash*.
8. **The Slider—T Rex.** Glam rock at its most honest. This album rolls along with classics like *Metal Guru*, and *Telegram Sam*. **Mark Bolan's** guitar work was never better.
9. **The Undertones—The Undertones.** This debut LP by Derry Ireland, best proponents of guileless pop, themselves classic, is simply great. If you don't like the Undertones, you obviously haven't heard them. If you hate them, you're an ugly person and your mother dresses you funny (says Gidget). Teen angst.
10. **Rocket to Russia—The Ramones.** Dis album is great! The Ramones at their zenith. Thrashy, fast, lotsa guitars. Stupidity at its best.

Being an old record collector (many will vouch that I have one of the most extensive collections of K-Tels packages and bad records in the Lower Mainland) there are another 1000 or so discs I would need to live for 15 years, from *Howlin Wolf* to *Public Image* to the *Hardy Boys*, and from the *Sonics* to *DOA* to...

—Dr. Strangelove



Only in America, you say?

Watch out for REPO MAN

Every so often a film comes along that changes the way you comb your hair, the way you lift a beer bottle, the way you pet your cat. **REPO MAN** is not necessarily that film, but it is a swell time. We're talking cult classic here, right up there with **Alligator**, **Death Race 2000**, and, yes, the entire **Godzilla** series, **Mothra** and all.

"What is **REPO MAN** all about?" a friend asks. I swallow—hard. It's not an easy question to answer. **Otto** is fired from his job as a supermarket ticketer the same day his womanfriend finds another lover (to the sound of **Black Flag**, no less). While wandering in a daze from the evening's events, he is conned into stealing a car for repo (short for repossession) man **Bud**—a car that the owner has missed a few payments on. When offered full time employment as a paid car thief, **Otto** turns it down.

He heads home to ask Dad to pay his way to Europe, only to find that his parents have given all their money to TV evangelist **Reverend Larry**, to buy bibles to send to El Salvador. A trip to the

unemployment office convinces **Otto** that life as a wage slave is pointless, so he returns to the repo yard to begin his apprenticeship.

That's the easy part. **REPO MAN** is also about: a nuclear scientist driving around the United States with his creation, the neutron bomb, in the trunk of his car: about alien (read E.T.) bodies being smuggled about and a chase by a blonder than blond version of the C.I.A., who sports a **Michael Jackson** sparkled glove over a metal hand: about the rival repo **Rodriguez Brothers**: and, more than anything else, about being out of work with no future in Los Angeles, and the quintessence of being American.

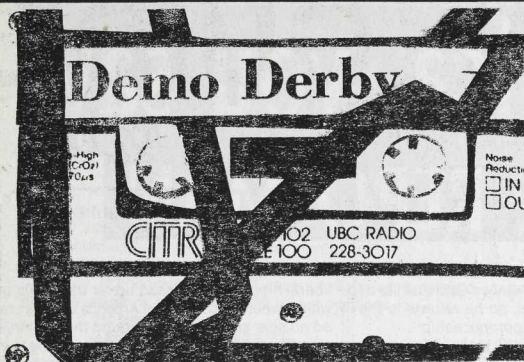
REPO MAN is one of the most definitive American films to date. Only in America could institutionalized car theft become the basis for a feature film. Only in America could a family give its entire life savings to a smarmy TV evangelist in order to make it onto **Reverend Larry's** Honor Roll of the Chariots of Fire: it's especially poignant if the parents of that family are the 1960's

liberal hippies, all dressed up for the 1980s but with nowhere to go. Only in America could a crazed nuclear scientist drive around the country in a 64 Chevy Malibu with his creation in the trunk of his car, vapourizing curious cops and peering punks. Only in America could **Leila**, who is chasing the alien bodies, declare that the photos of the dead aliens were about to appear in major newspapers—only to have them show up on the front page of the *National Enquirer*, ONLY in America could the final shootout be staged in an all night corner grocery, complete with racks of alcohol, shelves of Food and Drink (appropriately labelled), lots of gunshots and gurgled blood, and the Jimmy Cagneyesque final words of **Duke**, one of the three store-robbing punks, proclaiming that he **knew** society made him what he is (was).

And only in the depths of Reaganian Americana could the main object of a repo man's desire be that most visible and prized of North American status symbols—the car.

Not only does **REPO MAN** attack American "**REPO MAN**" p. 25





Finally, CITR's Battle of the Bands bears fruit: with the 24 hours of recording time they won last year, **Bolero Lava** have released their debut 12" single *Inevitable* b/w *Click of the Clock*. To those of you familiar with the pulsing beat that the band creates, there may be a slight surprise at the heavy dance oriented production of the record. Slick harmonies and prominent rhythms stand out more than a live gig situation. For those of you unfamiliar with Bolero Lava this record is a wonderful introduction to their sound: immediately catchy hooks with a heavy pop feel.

Soldiers of Sport have a 2-song demo tape. *Broadcast* and *Sound of Soul* show strong songwriting and performing ability. *Broadcast* is a rockier, upbeat tune that, barring the amount of guitar distortion and vocal tone, sound a good bit like early **Generation X**. *Sound of Soul* is a slower, almost (god-forbid) ballad-like number that is very good. Hopefully, these two songs will crop up on vinyl in the not-too-distant future.

Imagine **Boris Karloff** doing his **John Lydon** impersonation (or vice versa). Now imagine a truly thrashy band (farfisa organ included) chugging away behind this mad front man, who is aided only by his crazed mohawked sidekick backing vocalist, in his attempts to do true justice to everything the **Monkees** ever recorded. These are the **Flunkies**, and they are just awesome!!! Their demo tape of *Pleasant Valley Sunday* is anything a good pop tune should be: loud, fast and very energetic.

Well I suppose this review is a little late, but **Art Bergmann's** new band **Poisoned** has their 10-song tape released as a cassette-only item that is selling very briskly indeed. My only concern for the band is that with the sudden onslaught of local coverage (major articles in the *Sun*, the *Province*, and *Vancouver Magazine*) as well as all those rave reviews (DISCORDER, June 1984) and all the local gigs Poisoned is doing, I'm afraid the band will burn out its following (if Poisoned doesn't burn itself out first). How many times can you see this band (even if they are great)? All this aside, the cassette release is very good: good sound quality, lively playing and excellent songwriting. Buy this tape.

Two new songs from **Emily** this month (via the **MoDaMu** record label): *Moments of Glory* and *He Calls My Name* are both more of the same, if you're at all familiar with her material. With her live performances becoming consistent now, including a live broadcast from our studios in August, hopefully Emily will come to the attention of more people.

UPDATES:

Bill of Rights will be going into the studio soon to record six songs, hopefully to be released on a 12" disc.

House of Commons has come to a temporary halt for roughly half a year, as **Jim**, the drummer, will be out of the country.

Go Four Three hopes to have a six-song EP out by October.

A demo tape which has done fairly well here at CITR has just been released by the newly established **Luv-A-Fair** record label. Yes, the disco is branching out. **Fabulon's** 2 songs *Life on an Island* and *Young Hearts Burning* have just come out on a shocking blue 12" slab of vinyl.

—Big Dummy

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"Bolero Lava"

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PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CITS fm 102
CABLE 100

NEW RELEASES

The following is a list of artists with current releases (singles, extended plays, albums, cassettes, demo tapes) that received significant airplay during the month of August.

OBIT: We wish Jason Grant a fond farewell and many happy returns during his stay in Toronto. With him has gone the concept of the "top 50" most played artists. We think it proved its point. We hope this list will give our listeners a better idea of what new and enervating bits of noise are available for their aural pleasure.

NOTE: **BOLDFACE** denotes local artists.

Actionauts
And Also the Trees
APB
Archer, Peter
Associates
Big Red Truck
Black, Pauline
Black Uhuru
Bolero Lava
Captain Sensible
Chrome
Costello, Elvis
Courage of Lassie
Czukay, Holger
Damned
Der Mittageng
Depeche Mode
Discharge
East Bay Ray
Everything but the
Girl
Family Plot
Five Year Plan
Forgotton Rebels
400 Blows
Frames Per Second
Frank Chickens
Frankie Goes to
Hollywood
Go-Betweens
Gori, Robert
Gun Club
Isaccs, Gregory
Jazz Butcher
Joolz
Kaye, Lenny
Konk
King Sunny Ade
Ledernacken
Leer, Thomas
Leroi Borthers
Linkmen
Lowe, Nick
Lyres
March Violets
Masakela, Hugh

Mike Club
Mighty Wah
Minimal Compact
Moew
New Order
NoMeansNo
No News
1000 Mexicans
Pale Fountains
PIL
Plasticland
Poisoned
Ponce, Daniel
Psychedelic Furs
Quantum Leap
Quine & Maher
Rain Parade
Rank & File
R.E.M.
Red Dress
Red Guitars
Red Masque
Reed, Lou
Robinson, Tom
Rockin' Edsels
Roedelius
Romeo Void
Screaming Blue
Messiahs
Section 25
Shriekback
Siberry, Jane
Sid Presley
Experience
Sister of Mercy
Skeleton Crew
Special AKA
Square, Lester
Sylvian, David

10,000 Maniacs
The Fall
The Room
The Smiths
The Tempest
Theloniou Monk
Tirez Tirez
Truth
Tse Tse Force
Twanghounds
23 Skidoo
Ulmer, James
Blood
U-Men
Van Tieghem, David
Verlaine, Tom
Violent Femmes
Wild Flowers
Working Week
X-Mal Deutschland
Yano, Hiroshi

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Doing this yourself will piss off the cable company, because it's illegal, so maybe you should pay them 10 dollars a month for that bit of wire. Remember: home taping is also illegal.

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PROGRAM GUIDE

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SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
7AM						7AM
8AM	WAKE UP REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					8AM
	GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW			
9AM	PUBLIC AFFAIRS		PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS		9AM
MUSIC OF OUR TIME	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			
	MORNING 'REPORT' WITH NEWS, 'SPORTS AND 'WEATHER					10AM
11AM						11AM
NEWS						NEWS
SUNDAY BRUNCH						AFRICAN SHOW
1PM	LUNCH REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					1PM
THE ROCKERS SHOW						2PM
2PM						
3PM						3PM
THE SUNDAY AFTER NOON SHOW	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS		
	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS		
						4PM
4PM						THE PLAYLIST SHOW
5PM						5PM
	GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW			
6PM	DINNER REPORT WITH NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			
SUNDAY MAGAZINE	CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL					SATURDAY MAGAZINE
VOICE OF FREEDOM						7PM
7PM						PROPER GANDER
8PM						8PM
SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE
9PM						9PM
10PM	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW				10PM
11PM	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL	MEL BREWER PRESENTS	FINAL VINYL	FINAL VINYL
MIDNIGHT	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW				MIDNIGHT
1AM	CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM, from 7 AM until 4 AM.					1AM
2AM						2AM
3AM						3AM
4AM						4AM

PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CTR fm 102

CABLE 100

African Show (Wednesday 9:30pm-12 am)

A programme featuring African music and culture. Everyweek, with news, current events and local African music and local music events.

Folk International (Saturday 10 am-12 noon)

Folk music from around the world. Tune in on the first and last Saturday of each month for traditional Canadian folk music, or for African music listen to the second and third Saturday of the month.

Jazz Show (Monday 9 pm-1 am)

An evening of varied classical and contemporary jazz and fusion with Fiona Mackay, Gavin Walker, Shelley Freedman or Bob Kerr.

Midshow (Wednesday 12 am-1 am)

This show is a potpourri of poetry, music, and intriguing monologue.

Music Of Our Time (Sunday 8 am-12 pm)

Music of the 20th Century in the classical tradition. Hosted by Ken Jackson.

Playlist Show (Saturday 3 pm-6 pm)

The countdown of CTR's weekly top 40 singles and albums, featuring new additions to the Playlist. Listen for Vijay Sondhi or Michael Shea.

Rockers (Sunday 1 pm-3 pm)

The latest and best in toasting, joking rockers, dub and straight forward reggae. Hosted by George Barrett.

Fast Forward (Sunday 9 pm-1 am)

The latest in the exciting and vibrant world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avant garde stuff.

Voice of Freedom (Sunday 6:30 pm-7:30 pm)

Satirical broadcast from a mythical radio station on a secluded American military base (Diego Garcia) where all the records are twelve years out of date.

Final Vinyl (Nightly at 11 pm)

High Profile

(Monday through Saturday at 8 pm)

Spotlighting one artist's music and career. Refer to High Profile listing for artists.

Sunday Night Live (Sunday 8 pm)

Rare live recordings of noted local and international artists.

Generic Review

(Weekdays at 8:35 am and 5:35 pm. Also on Saturday and Sunday Magazine)

A critique of local entertainment, plays, movies, and exhibits.

Insight (Weekdays 9:43 am and 6:13 pm)

An editorial comment on current issues open to the community.

News and Sports (Weekdays)

Local, national, and international news and sports. News and sports reports at 8 am, 10 am, 1 pm, and 6 pm. Newsbreak and Sportsbreak at 3:30 pm and 4:30 pm. On Saturday and Sunday, regular newscasts air at 12:00 noon

Saturday and Sunday Magazine

(Saturday & Sunday at 6 pm)

Weekend magazine shows presenting special news, sports and entertainment features.

Public Affairs (Weekdays 9 am)

A people's forum for local interests and issues.

Proper Gander

(Saturday 6:30 pm-9:30 pm)

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PROGRAM GUIDE

SEPTEMBER HIGH PROFILES

High Profiles are 45 minute documentary style music specials, encompassing individual bands, musical movements and styles and scenes around the world. High Profiles include biographical material, histories, discographies and a good sampling of music. High Profile can be heard Monday through Saturday evenings at 8:00.

Starting in October CTR will be expanding the daily 8:00 p.m. special so that we will not only be providing High Profiles, but also interviews and specials. As well, keep tuned to CTR for first official radio game show, coming on Thursdays in October.

Sat	1	The Door and The Window
Mon	3	Joe Ely
Tues	4	The Fastbacks
Wed	5	Gang of 4
Thur	6	Wire
Fri	7	XTC
Sat	8	Jesus lives?
Mon	10	The Meters
Tues	11	The Bangles
Wed	12	Peter Gabriel
Thur	13	Aztec Camera
Fri	14	Supremes
Sat	15	Mikey Dread
Mon	17	Detroit au-go-go
		Motor City Soul Stompin'
Tues	18	Neglected Monkees
Wed	19	Buddy Holly, part one
Thur	20	Husker Du
Fri	21	Klaus Nomi
Sat	22	The Teardrop Explodes-Rarities
Mon	24	Easybeats
Tues	25	An Evangelical Evening of messages from the Alternative Tentacles Divine Light Mission.
Wed	26	Buddy Holly, part two
Thur	27	Flipper
Fri	28	Tracy Thorn
Sat	29	The 80's Liverpool Sound

A guide to CTR fm 102

CABLE 100

FINAL VINYL

Nightly at 11 p.m.

New and neglected albums played in their entirety.

Monday - Jazz Album

Tuesday & Wednesday - New Playlist Album

Thursday - Mel Brewer Presents

Weekly showcase of local artists. Highlights include interviews, new releases, demo tapes and plenty of juicy gossip.

Friday - Mixing, Matching, Blending, Scratching ALBUMS

Saturday - CTR #1 Playlist LP

Sunday - Neglected LP with Mark Mushet

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TRAGIC MULATTO

Judo for the Blind

In a month when the Republicans overwhelmingly nominated Ronald Reagan to run for a second term as Head Cowboy, when Brian Mulroney headed the country towards National Social Creditism, B.C. Style, when Exploit 86 slithered towards completion, and where the L.A. Olympics manifested some of the best examples of patriotic masturbation ever exhibited in the "free" world, it was more than comforting to receive two of the latest emissions from the **Alternative Tentacles Divine Light Mission**. **Jello Biafra** and the boys have been busy producing new albums, and two of them made their way to my turntable this month. Aahh, the comfort of angry music.

Both *Murder in a Foreign Place* from **M.I.A.** and *Judo for the Blind* from **Tragic Mulatto** assured me that yes, there ARE other people in the world who think like me, and who believe that music is a good way to get those messages across to those of us who feel lost in the conservative wasteland.



I'm not familiar with either band, but I am more than intimate with the label, **Alternative Tentacles**. Several years ago I bought an album (albeit for the cover and the name of the band) called *Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables*. **The Dead Kennedys** knocked the shit out of me with the power of the music. Subsequent **Alternative Tentacles** releases, such as more D.K.s and a superb compilation called *Let Them Eat Jellybeans*, made their way regularly to my turntable. The two latest releases have joined that audio cavalcade.

Tragic Mulatto could easily be discarded for the cover alone. Christ having a shit while a woman lies in a nearby bathtub, pouring water on her genitals. Right. Does it have any connection with the music?

Who cares. *Judo for the Blind* reminds me of **Rip Rig and Panic** and **The Pop Group**, in the anarchic use of wild sound, jazz and funk rhythm. Need a label? Okay—mutant punk funk.

M.I.A.

Murder in a Foreign Place

Produced by D.K.'s bass player **Klaus Flouride**, *Tragic Mulatto* is the perfect antidote to hours of MTV pap.

With lyrics like "I hate people with noses like that/and i hate young couples that drive shiny Honda Civics/is there something wrong with me/ no/then stop my hand" while the music wails wild saxophone and heavy guitar riffs, you know you have not wandered onto some obscure **Bryan Adams** release.



M.I.A., on the other turntable, is what a co-hort of mine would describe as dinosaur music. You know, that standard angry young punk thrashing guitars, screaming lyrics and pounding drums. Well, fuck him because it's good.

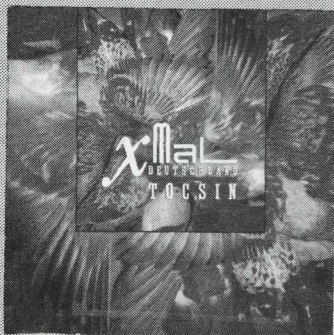
Murder in a Foreign Place is like a loose cannon DOA meeting a jazz and blues band. The title track is a catchy blues song that could become a hit at CIA/United States Marines get-togethers—a good dance song except for the lyrics: "We swing to the left/We swing to the right/but when our money's at stake/we're gonna fight, fight, fight." Chile, 1974, anyone?

I like the anger of the lyrics, the mix of good punk trash and rock and blues hooks. The Dead Kennedy's influence is predominant in songs like *Reality is Killing Me* and *There is no Love*. Good hardcore. These guys could be great live.

I recommend both of these, but if I had to state a preference (knowing the price of these things, after all) I'd say go for the *Tragic Mulatto*. Of the two, *Judo for the Blind* is the more exciting and experimental musically. Give them both a spin if you can afford it. When you're faced with **Bill Bennett** and his 5-year plan, an unrestrainable secret police force and four more years of the wild wild west in the White House, any glimmers in the darkness can be taken as beacons. Besides, once you listen to the two albums, you can always round out the mood with a rousing chorus of *California Uber Alles*. **Jello** and the **Dead Kennedys** would appreciate the sentiment.

—Bits of Black Tape

VERDICT



X MAL DEUTSCHLAND

Tocsin

BRENDAN: What's that you're listening to?

TRACY: Oh, it's the new album by X Mal Deutschland, it's called *Tocsin*.

B: Exzema who?

T: X Mal Deutschland.

B: What does that mean?

T: Well if you want the strict dictionary definition, "X" means an uncalculable influence or factor, "Mal" means bad, ill wrong and "Deutschland" means Germany.

B: So that makes them the uncalculably bad influence of German.

T: Some people might call them that. The album's title means a bell rung as an alarm or signal.

B: Hmmm, well the singer does sound a bit like those four-minute warning sirens.

T: True, but not as much as she did on their first album.

B: Oh yeah, what was that album like?

T: Pretty dirgy, they seemed to spend most of their time looking back from where they had come from rather than where they were going.

B: Far out.

T: This album's quite an improvement.

B: This one still sounds pretty dirgy to me.

T: But you've only heard it once, listen to it a few times and things begin to take shape, the songs become more distinctive and you start to find interesting little bits and pieces.

B: Any good guitar solos?

T: No chance. There are no virtuoso performances from this group. Everything is driven by the rhythm section, the guitar and key-

boards take on more of a backstage role. That's not to say that they just add embellishment to the drums and bass, everyone plays an important part but some parts predominate, and this is reflected in the production and gives them their obstreperous overall sound.

B: It sounds pretty calculated.

T: Well, that's just German nature for you. At least it's not contrived, and it's quite refreshing to find a group where the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. But if they can refrain from relying so heavily on their obvious influences then their third album could be very interesting. If they don't then they are in danger of falling into that morass where groups translate originality as the act of stealing the ideas of others, rearranging them and presenting them as their own.

B: Don't you get the feeling that you're hearing a 40-minute medley of songs by every group from Joy Division to U2?

T: Well, I don't think it's quite that blatant, but, as I said, they undoubtedly have strong influences.

B: And what about those vocals?

T: Well I expect her Mother and Father are very proud of her.

B: It's not so bad when she isn't wailing her head off, like on *Xmas in Australia*.

T: But that's an instrumental track anyway.

B: Oh that's why she sounds so good.

T: Maybe Neville Shute was right after all.

TRACY'S DAD: Right kids, now don't panic, but we've got to get into the fall-out shelter, and quick!

T: It's okay, Dad, it's only the record player.

—Richard Putler



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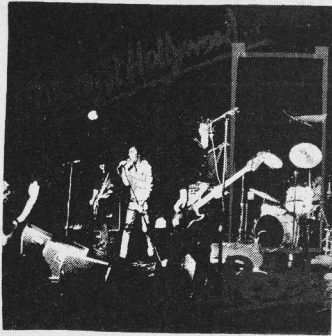
This Ain't Hollywood

An album that begins with a **Garry Glitter** song may not seem too promising, but it's all part of the **Forgotten Rebels'** attack on opportunism and people's bloated sense of self-worth. This is combined with special attention given to the 'Hollywood' and 'Rock Star' mentalities and all their trappings. Oh, right, the attack on the 'Rock Star' mentality, punk rock, circa 1977? Well, yes, but unfortunately the situation that punk lashed out against still exists, and that reality calls for some kind of reaction.

The Forgotten Rebels have put together an album of straight ahead r & r spiced with sarcastic, humorous and sometimes insightful lyrics. *This Ain't Hollywood* is, to the best of my knowledge, the second LP from this Toronto band. "Hollywood" follows in the traditions of caustic humour and hard edged rock and roll of their debut LP *In Love with the System*, although this LP is more focused both musically and thematically.

With only a couple of deviations, the album generally remains true to its theme but, in the process, some of the parts suffer at the expense

of the concept. The songs fall into two basic categories of lyric quality—a weak one-liner or a fully developed song. *Tell Me You Love Me* (a song that uses all the clichés but throws in the line 'My love ain't no cliché, get it?'), *It Won't Be*



Long and the **Pomus-Shuman** tune *Save The Last Dance for Me* all fit the weak one-liner category. Fortunately, these songs are disappointing only in comparison with the more fully realized songs on the album.

The album has a number of first-class tunes that make it a success, such as the excellent workout of the old **Barry McGuire** hit, *Eve Of Destruction*, *The Me Generation*, and *England Keep Yer Stars*. If for nothing else, the Rebels should be remembered for the instant classic, *Surfin' On Heroin*; a song about **Frankie**, the sand and smack. The tune works because it avoids being a throwaway due to lyrics like, "Got my kid brother hooked yesterday/Pimping him pays for my habit today."

The listener recalls other bands upon hearing the Rebels but their sound and songs are unique enough to give them their own identity and to invalidate too strident comparisons. The production of **Bob Bryden** suits the Rebels because it lets their energy and edge come through, which is so important with this type of music. Even the lamer tracks are propelled along by the Rebels' 'catchy' melodies and energetic playing. Despite the weaknesses, for a Canadian band these guys are pretty good; they deliver forceful songs that condemn without seeming self-righteous due to some sharp doses of humour. The idea's not original but its adaption by the Forgotten Rebels makes for a worthwhile result. England, keep yer stars.

—Kevin Smith

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DAVID SYLVIAN

Brilliant Trees

Since 1977 we have watched as David Sylvian took the group Japan from a blues/punk/jazz sound with a strong sense of discipline and a feeling for untreated raw vocals, through additional synthetics, more and more discipline and funk, less and less punk and ultimately into the realms of a resurrected disco beat with highly mannered vocals. All this took place ages before anyone else was trying it, much less cashing in on its eventual popularity. While it always remained inventive, by the time Japan's final album, *Tin Drum* appeared, the group had lost its body. The sound was almost a self-fulfilling prophecy of clanging, clattering quasi-Oriental noise with no foundation and a preoccupation for unmelodic vocal lines which, while weaving interesting counterpoints, were often too artificial to enjoy.

Sylvian's later single, *Bamboo Music/Bamboo House*, featuring **Riichi Sakamoto**, was an extension of this sound. It was original, but lacked any soul. It was greenhouse music.

With the release of *Forbidden Colours* (also done with Sakamoto) Sylvian's former romanticism and seriousness of purpose resurfaced. It was and is a surprisingly exquisite single.

Brilliant Trees, Sylvian's latest effort, follows a natural sequence. It is, quite simply, one of the best albums to appear this year. The list of personnel reads like a who's who of contemporary semi-pop: **Holger Czuckay**, **Jon Hassell**, **Riichi Sakamoto**, **Richard Barbieri**... All these people have made major contributions to today's music

THE NOT
What's The Reason

Once in a while a real gem of a record by some unknown band shows up in the new records section at CTR. *The Not's What's The Reason* is one of those records. The record is good; damn good, and it's kind of nice to know relatively unheard of bands are still popping up from time to time replenishing the proverbial "fountain of alluring new sounds," keeping one addicted to the underground music scene.

This record is the debut release by this Boston area three-piece. Production is by Boston legend

scene and yet all their efforts on this album work so well together with Sylvian that one wonders why nobody thought of it before. Moreover, the music is mature. It is original, captivating, singable, but above all, it is modest. Nothing screams for attention. Even relatively up songs like *Pulling Punches* or *Red Guitar* have a subdued, almost cynical romantic quality which preserves them from becoming irritating or tiresome. Cuts like *Nostalgia* or *Backwaters*, on the other hand, present a free-floating yet beautifully structured ambience. It is possible to hear vestiges of the old Japan, but they are grown-up, more natural sounds. Sylvian has lost a lot of his vocal affectation (like maybe he's smoked a lot of strong cigarettes) and although a faintly eastern flavour pervades, the lid has been put on what used to be superficially exotic effects. This is music which is eminently listenable. Buy it and savour it.

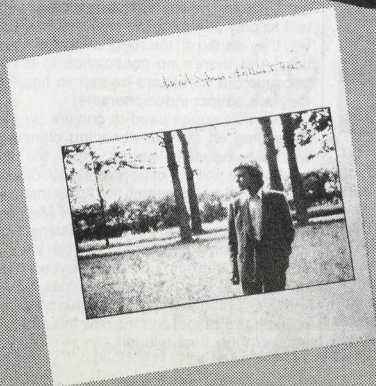
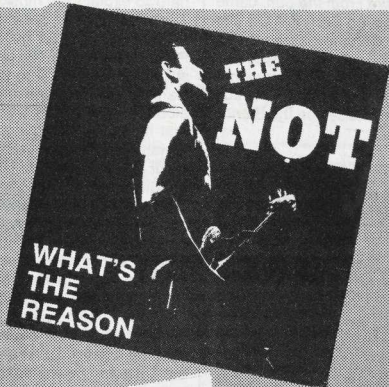
—Larry Thiessen

Richard Parsons, who has done an exceptionally fine job, yielding a clean sound but still managing to transfix to vinyl the high level of energy the band creates live (the band played in Vancouver in July and unquestionably rip live). The Not's music is aggressive, melodic pop with a high degree of intensity and emotion to it. These guys aren't mods by a long shot, but their sound does remind me very much of the early Jam. A strong contributing factor to this is that lead singer Tommy Lamont's vocals have the same deep, powerful quality to them as the Jam's Paul Weller.

Of the six songs on this disc by far side one contains the strongest material. *In Trouble* and *Public Mutiny* are especially fine tunes; melodic, original, and high-energy. The guitar sound is superbly clean, something a few punk bands could use to their advantage. The tempo is quite similar to most punk bands, but The Not's sound here is so much cleaner it really makes the difference in listening tolerance. *New Rules OK* is quite a decent song as well, but a notch below the aforementioned two. Great, harmonized backup vocals, though. Side two's songs are simply not as catchy as the first side, but this may be due to my personal penchant for intense, high-energy music as well.

The band's members seem to be quite close in musical ability, meshing nicely to form an even, well-balanced sound. The members are all young dudes, either in, or barely out of their teens. Playing their cards right, this band could go a long way; they definitely have the creativity if this record is any indication. If not...one can always go back to that proverbial fountain.

—Mike Dennis



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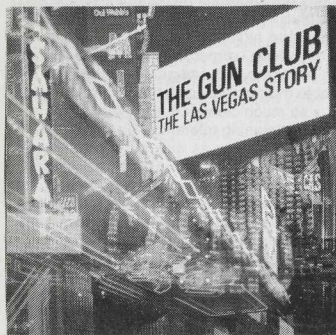
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There's an overriding psychosis which coils and sinews its way through this latest foray by Los Angeles' **Gun Club**. This is music which conjures up an atmosphere of pain, despair and anguish and should come equipped with explicit instructions warning off anyone who is apt to suffer from any avenue of depression. Through the ten or so songs which make up this album, **Jeffrey Lee Pierce** and the rest of the band lead the listener on a spiralling journey into a claustrophobic world engendered with filth, murder and life on the seamer side of the U.S. of A.

The ear recoils from the pummeling groan of



Kid Congo Powers guitar, sounding much the same as a Black and Decker power saw as it propels the majority of the songs through paces, chord changes and distorted pyrotechnics, der-

THE GUN CLUB

The Las Vegas Story

ivative of Sixties garage band antics. Powers, who formerly played with the **Cramps**, handles all the lead guitar runs save for the occasional solo delegated to Pierce and/or **Mustang Dave Alvin**, guitarist with the **Blasters** and former **Slash Records** label mate. The only instance when this assault actually lets up is at the start of side two, where a jazzy, though somewhat distorted guitar and piano, coalesce on the instrumental, *The Master Plan* and then segue into *My Man Is Gone Now*. This latter piece is a composition co-written by **George and Ira Gershwin**. It is particularly haunting, with a texture evocative of smoke-filled back rooms.

Throughout, it is the vivid imagery of Pierce's lyrics and the calculated drive of Kid Congo's

guitar, which redeem this record when the vocals begin to grate on the listener's ear.

As an additional footnote to the album is the inclusion of the lyric sheet of the dates and locales in which each of the original songs were composed. Locations range from Miami to Los Angeles to New York to "Somewhere Over The Pacific" and the differences in style and concept of each of the songs becomes apparent when a reference such as this is consulted.

With such an unabashed obsession with strangers, beasts and corruption, as personified by the appropro cover photo of Las Vegas and album title, I think I can even put aside the fact that for some questionable reason the record has been dedicated to **Debbie Harry**, she of **Blondie** infamy.

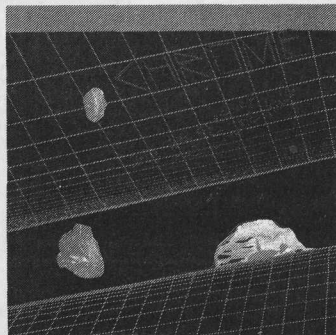
By no means is this album great art, Rock and Roll or anything for that matter, what it is though is an urban overview of life in the 1980s as seen through the twisted eye of The Gun Club.

—Ken Gillies

CHROME

Into The Eyes of the Zombie King

Into The Eyes of The Zombie King is the rather lengthy title of the latest album from the veteran sci-fi rock band **Chrome**. It's been a while in coming: their last LP, *Third From the Sun*, came out almost three years ago on Don't Fall Off The Mountain Records. Now Chrome is down to one original member, the founder **Damon Edge**; he's taken off to Rennes, France, hooked up with a few of the local musicians, and their new collaboration has just been released on the French label Mosquito Records.



Frankly, it wasn't worth the wait. Taking into account the earlier Chrome albums, this album is somewhat mediocre and disappointing. Stylistically, it is easily recognizable as Damon Edge and Chrome, but this time the feel is gone. The very substance of Chrome's older music, the imagery that pervaded their earlier songs, is conspicuously absent on *Into the Eyes of the Zombi King*. All that's left is a collection of half-assed (some may call it "minimal") futuristic sci-fi dance tunes.

Maybe Damon can't communicate what he wants in the music to his new French sidemen because he can't speak the language (it's very hard to explain the music of Chrome anyway). This is unfortunate because his band, especially **Remy Devilla** on guitars and overlays and **Patrick Imbert** on electronic drums and rotos show themselves off to be very capable musicians. Perhaps because of the break between albums Damon has lost that edge in songwriting that he once had.

Hard-core Chrome fans should still find much merit in this record. Damon Edge's new French recruits duplicate the old Chrome sound very faithfully while adding some interesting noises of their own. Remy Devilla's huge, symphonic guitar sound coupled with **Fabienne Shine's** dreamy background vocals on *Trip the Switch* make that song perfect for setting the mood at your next mega-trendy party. The trouble is, all the songs, rolling along in a groove driven by **Renaud Thorez'** harmonized bass guitar, become repetitive after a couple of minutes and end up going nowhere. The musicians are content to play along for five minutes in the same way they started off the song, without much variation. And there's no consolation in the lyrics because the vocals are treated so heavily that they are almost indecipherable.

Chrome's songs used to conjure up images of landing on stange menacing planets or of watching futuristic gangs roam the streets beating the shit out of people as in *A Clockwork Orange*. But now it seems the spark that created these images on albums like *Half Machine Lip Moves* or *Blood on the Moon* is missing. Is it that the limitations of Damon Edge's style have caught up with him? Or else maybe all that is needed is to iron out those wrinkles that come with the unfamiliarity of the new creative surroundings (France) and the new musicians. Who knows? Only time will tell.

—Mr. Dale

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REPO MAN

cont. from p. 13

consumerism, it also attacks the mentality that breeds war and builds weapons. The nuclear scientist bemoans the immorality of creating weapons of mass murder and, in the next breath, delights in announcing that following his lobotomy his work was much easier to deal with. Television screens blare out newscasts reporting everything from car crashes to the use of chemical warfare on Central Americans. A central figure in the film is TV evangelist Reverend Larry, who appears for most of the film on a television screen—except when he tries to exorcise the scientist's 64 Malibu and the car responds by setting his bible on fire.

I'm giving too much away.

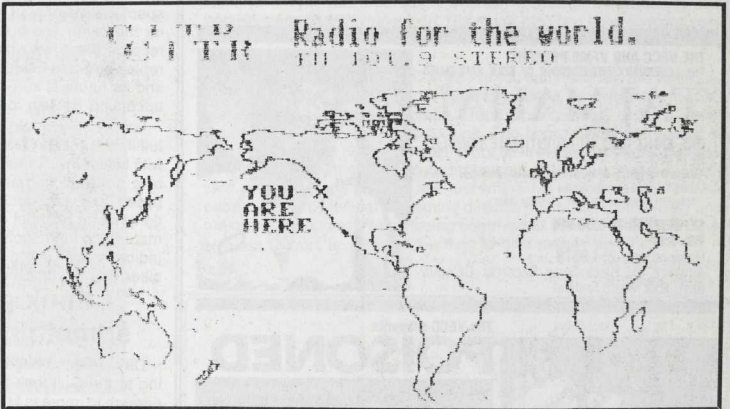
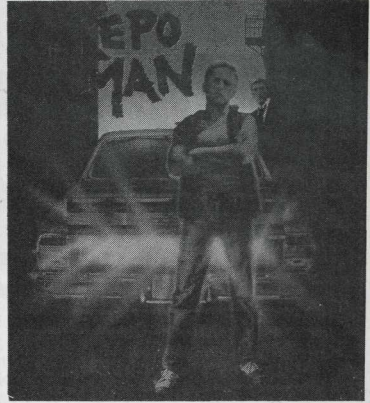
REPO MAN is produced by **Michael Nesmith** (right. He was the Monkee with the touque.), who is well known for his video production work, particularly in rock videos. The film has been released on both Beta and VHS for home video consumption—and is also scheduled to be shown at the Studio Cinema (formerly the Towne), on Granville Street, beginning September 14. The difference between seeing REPO MAN in video and on the theatre screen is phenomenal: on the home box you miss so much. The movie seems a lot funnier when you see it in a theatre. There are a lot of visual gags in REPO MAN which you quite honestly miss when you see it at home on a television screen. And the impact of certain scenes is lost on the tube. The opening cuts are some of the nicest editing and camera work I've ever seen, but on the television screen it's lost. See it at the Studio if you can.

The storyline is well offset by the music. Iggy

Pop has written a pulsing title track, and other music throughout the film is provided by a number of bands, including **Suicidal Tendencies**, **Black Flag** and the **Circle Jerks**. And yes, Vancouver band fanatics, that really is **Chuck Biscuits** in a gold lame jacket in the nightclub scene—a nightclub owned, in the film, by **Rodney Bingenheimer**. There's good salsa music pouring out of the convertibles, and one great guitar rhythm line that runs through the whole film. It alone expresses the twanginess of life in L.A.

Does REPO MAN have politics? Does it present women in a realistic light? Are there lots of cars and squealing tires? Will you like it? Yes to all the above and more. See this movie. Buy this record. The Studio offers a student rate—with any student card—of \$3.50, and has bargain matinees of \$2.00 on Saturday and Sunday. REPO MAN is bound to be more important to you than college without a degree. It's fun.

—Kandace Kerr



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Coming of

Vancouver jazz fans are always excited when top-notch musicians come to town to play the music they love the most. But it's probably not all that often that the musicians themselves are as excited about what's happening on stage. The **Dave Holland Quintet**—Holland on bass, **Kenny Wheeler** on trumpet and fluegelhorn, **Steve Coleman** on alto sax and clarinet, **Julian Priester** on trombone and **Smitty Smith** on drums—came to Vancouver August 14th and 15th to play some of the most vital, dynamic music this town has seen in a long time. The quintet has been an ongoing project of Holland's for the past two years; he's spent the majority of that time creating a focus and developing music for the band. The first taste of the band's work on vinyl is *Jumpin' In*, recorded last November for the ECM label. With Smith just recently replacing Steve Ellington on drums, the quintet has been consolidated, and its future is sure to be bright, with a new album planned after an upcoming English tour.

For the 36-year-old Holland, the formation of this group has been the fulfillment of a dream. Since coming to America and the jazz forefront with Miles Davis in 1968, Holland had recorded only one album as leader of a group. It had always been his goal to work with a band solidly based in the jazz tradition, creating music that is a continuity of the tradition, not an offshoot of it. He believed that he would have the musical maturity to lead such a group when he reached his mid-30s. From all indications, on stage and in his personal attitudes toward the music, it's clear that his time has come.

"I think people are ready to hear something direct..."

Dave Holland began his musical career in his native England, studying at the Guildhall School of Music. In 1968, his abilities were great enough to impress Miles Davis, who saw the young bassist at a London club. Miles brought him into the band that recorded some of the most important records of the late 60s, *Filles de Kilimanjaro*, *In a Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew*. Holland then moved on to form the group Circle with three musicians whose names have become familiar to those interested in the avant-garde side of the music: Barry Altschul, Anthony Braxton and Chick Corea. At the time Circle disbanded Holland was 24 or 25. He felt the need to make a statement in acoustic form, closer to the tradition than the jazz-rock fusion that proliferated in those days. Under his own leadership he made *Conference of the Birds* in 1972 with Altschul, Braxton and Sam Rivers, reworking Circle pieces and adding new compositions. But despite the impetus to work in the acoustic sphere, Holland felt that he didn't want to form a band on a long-standing basis at that point in his life; he needed further apprenticeship in the music and a more firm grasp of the directions in which he would take a group of his own.

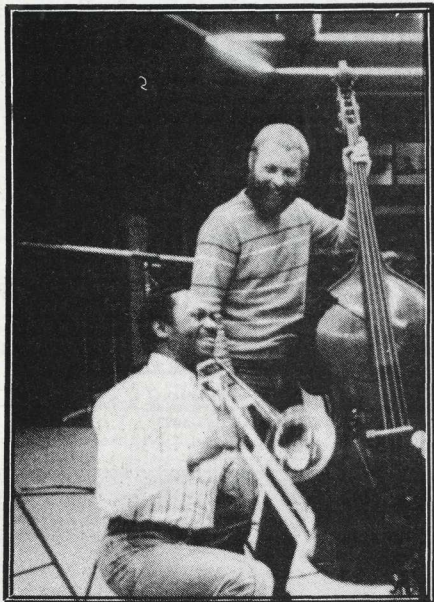
He returned to work in the ensembles of Altschul, Braxton and Rivers among others, forming his largest relationship with Sam Rivers. With Sam he was able to explore all facets of jazz-playing—traditional, swing, blues and vamp music as well as avant-garde ideas. From 1976 onwards Dave played periodically in a solo context as well, on both bass and cello. Out of this period came 1977's solo bass recording, *Emerald Tears*.

1981 was a crucial year in Holland's life; he was taken very seriously ill and spent a long time in hospital. He was given a room where he could play the cello and recorded the solo *Life Cycle*, an album that to him marked a rebirth. He began to look seriously at the possibility of forming a quintet: by the time of his solo concert in Vancouver in late 1982, the seeds were firmly planted.

The musicians he called upon to make up the group are all well versed in the jazz tradition and have made their mark there, bringing their well-formed ideas into new music. Kenny Wheeler is originally from St. Catharines, Ontario, but moved to Britain at a young age. He had worked with Dave as far back as 1966, but has since been involved in many diverse musical projects in England and Europe as well as recording

Age

Dave Holland Assumes Control



under his own name for ECM. Julian Priester has been trombonist for everybody from Bo Diddley to Sun Ra since entering the music field in the 1950s; Dave had respected his teaching and performing ability since working with him at Seattle's Cornish Institute. Steve Coleman is a young New York reeds player who Holland met up with when he was playing first alto saxophone in Sam Rivers' big band. The final key to the group is Marvin "Smitty" Smith, the most recent entry into the band. Smith has only appeared on record twice, on recent albums by Branford Marsalis and Donald Harrison/Terence Blanchard, but his strong musical concepts and maturity belie his young age (he's just 23).

"Rhythm is one of the most communicative aspects of music..."

Holland has always been known for his well-organized, focused compositions that leave plenty of room for improvisation; his aim with his own group is not to assign each player a predetermined role, but to allow them to be uninhibited in their playing. He looks to Duke Ellington as an example for his writing, someone who wrote with both structure and freedom in mind. Ellington always wrote specifically for members of his band, yet within the fully structured compositions each player had the freedom to expand. Holland allows each member of his quintet abundant solo space; with such talent in the group, they are more than capable of living up to the responsibilities that Dave's compositions give them.

Integral to such a style of playing are two concepts: rhythmic and harmonic freedom. Holland feels that "rhythm is one of the most communicative aspects of music," and one of the things the band is concentrating on is exploring the entire rhythmic vocabulary of music. Not only does the band seek to work in different time signatures, but to find new ways of playing in different times. You may have noticed that the quintet has no piano; in jazz the piano is used to set down chords, and Dave feels that the three horn/no piano lineup, as well as giving the band

a unique sound, enjoys greater harmonic freedom. Holland hasn't ruled out working with piano (in fact, he plans to record with one in a trio setting), but as yet he hasn't found a player who can use voices and rhythmic aspects in a non-constricting way, along the lines of Thelonius Monk, Duke Ellington, Art Tatum and Jaki Byard.

Equally important to Holland's music is the memory of Charles Mingus, to whom *Jumpin' In* is dedicated. Holland sees Mingus' work as a continuation of the Ellington tradition, both in his unique, developed compositions and as leader of a free-wheeling, loose ensemble. But Holland's admiration for the man goes beyond Mingus' musical statements. To Holland Mingus was a paradigm of creative strength, individuality and perseverance despite opposition. His music also had a tremendous connection to life, so much so that it was an expression of his life, all the way to the day he died.

Hearing the Dave Holland Quintet live you can really feel the versatility, and the respect for tradition that this band values, as well as the innovations that they are trying to make. The rhythmic variety is there—from swing to free form to calypso to funk. The improvisational freedom is there: according to Kenny Wheeler about 65% of their sets were improvised. And certainly the ability to communicate with an audience was present. Holland sums up very well just where his music stands; "I think people are ready to hear something direct in the music, rhythmically and melodically, popular without being contrived or commercial." The Dave Holland Quintet is ready and willing to give people just that.

—Fiona MacKay
& Gavin Walker

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SEPTEMBER PLAY-BY-PLAY LINE-UP:

SEPT. 1 UBC at SASKATCHEWAN
11:45 A.M.

SEPT. 7 CALGARY at UBC
7:15 P.M.

SEPT. 14 MANITOBA at UBC
7:15 P.M.

SEPT. 22 UBC at ALBERTA
12:45 P.M.

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THE ROVING EAR

In this, the initial installment of **Roving Ear**, we'll take a musical journey to wondrous and exotic locations, the likes of which are rarely covered in our humble publication.

Aaah, the benefits of expansion...



Dateline: **Edmonton**: Say what? Yes, the great white boredom is being thawed and gradually heated by a crop of bands the quality of which is unprecedented in the Alberta capital.

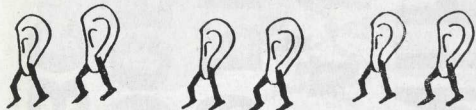
Leading the pack in originality are **Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra**. Led by the corrosive wit of **Jerry Slag**, once billed as the **Merv Griffin of Soul**, the Sons of Rhythm deliver an engaging cross between the **Billy Graham** crusade and a drunken **Dick Dale and the Deltones**. Set your dial to 102 FM to catch their **CJSR** (University of Alberta) chart topper, *Gospel Surfer*, a rollicking instrumental sure to loosen the most pious of bible belts.

Further evidence of musical life on the tundra can be found on the Edmonton compilation LP *It Came from Inner Space*. Available for approximately a year, it shows the germination of a scene that has since produced the excellent **Jr. Gone Wild**, who rocked the Railway Club last May.

Jr. Gone Wild's brand of vocal heavy, guitar-laced power pop seemed like a tonic to local fans that have gone without a **Pointed Sticks** or **Scissors** for far too long now.

Welcome relief may be on the way in the form of Jr. Gone Wild's **Mike Sinatra** (vocals, guitar) and **Kim Upright** (drums, backing vocals) who are, at this very moment, reforming Jr. Gone Wild in preparation for a planned move to our humble city by November (give us your tuneful, your creative, your unemployed...) The EAR can't wait.

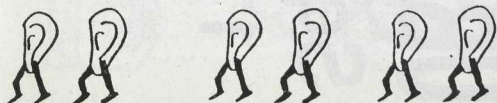
Edmonton also sports a fine hardcore assembly known as **S.N.F.U.**, whose fab *Womanizer* (also a CJSR #1) can be found on the *Something to Believe In* compilation from the **Better Youth Organization**. This is a better than average release comprised of 8 Canadian (**DOA** covers the **Rude Norton** classic *Tits on the Beach*) and 8 American bands.



South of the Border...

Seattle's up and coming club act, the **Bombardiers**, appears ready to fill the void in their fair city's bar scene, created by the demise of stalwarts like the **Heats**, and the highly overrated **Cowboys**. The EAR doesn't often enjoy unabashed club rockers, but the Bombardiers have an element of class that sets them apart. Their new release *Search and Enjoy* is a six-song EP which highlights their best elements, like solid drums from ex-Fastback **Richard Stuvernde**, but also reveals some rather embarrassing "state of the world" lyrics in *Street Walking Man* and *Rich Man*. Still, I'd rather be somewhat embarrassed than made violently ill by the likes of *Go Crazy* from the **Villains**.

The **Fastbacks** also have a new tape ready for October-November release. This 4-song self-produced effort is better recorded and rocks harder than the two-year-old *Five Favourites* EP, but lacks the immediate hit impact of an *In America*. Still, it should do very well. Watch for the Fastbacks at the Railway Club in September.



On the Homefront...

No Fun, who must surely be the most enigmatic band in the Lower Mainland (sorry, **Enigmas**) are back in earshot with a dynamite new collection of tunes they like to call *Snivel*. Now this is no ordinary demo. The 35 songs come together on 2 sixty-minute cassettes in 4 distinct programmes, each with its own subtitle. At this point my favourite cuts are the *Dogs Are Smart* programme (side one), which cuts with the tuneless *I'm not taking Suzy to the Be-In* and provides other gems like *Twisted Brain*, *Direction*, and the sublime *Oh, to be on Heroin*. These are only a small portion of the great songs found on *Snivel's* four sides, all of which are perfect or near perfect rock n roll. Listening to this tape is a real inspiration to budding basement rockers and qualifies **David M.** and **Paul Leahy** as members of the Sub-Genius, at least.

While on the subject of demos, **Art Bergmann's Poisoned** continues to be in ultra high demand. As you read this, the second edition should be in stores, and in greater quantities at last. This is, of course, a must have item, sure to become a Vancouver classic. Rarely has Roving Ear heard so much honest emotion in any performance, let alone our own somewhat sterile scene.

That's all the EAR this month, so until next time, Keep Listening!

Next month in Roving Ear: TEXAS, via the overland route!



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TRANCE Chris and Cosey

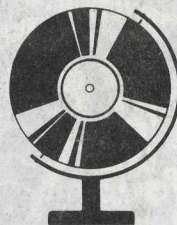


SELECTED LP'S \$9.99

- Chris & Cosey ★ Trance
Dead Kennedys ★ Live in Germany
PiL ★ 1st Issue
China Crisis ★ Working with Fire
Robert Schroeder ★ Paradise
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Stray Cats ★ Gonna Ball



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- Men Without Hats ★ Safety Dance
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Alien Sex Fiend ★ New Christian Music
400 Blows ★ Pressure

